

FROM CANYON CITY.

Dear Index:—After quite a delay I will write a few dots as we are housed in this morning baking our shins.

A full grown norther came down on us last night, although it is nice and clear, which looks fine to the old cows.

I have just read Uncle Zekiel's comment on the conduct of those military youths at Denison. I say amen to what he says. A cigarette firm and a booze guggler dressed up in uniform can get boozy, cuss, smoke cigarettes and take in the public thoroughfares and come out in flying colors, but let a bunch of so called hayseeds try it and see the results.

I think it high time for those high-muckety-mucks at Austin to give the boll weevil a rest and look into affairs that would be a benefit to the state.

We Plains people are going into winter in good shape, but can't say how we will come out in the spring. Some parts of the Plains made good crops, while other portions made a failure. In this immediate neighborhood crops were good, also grass was fine, and the results are—fat cattle to go into winter.

There is one consolation if we have to lift old cows this winter. We know where to get to find a good hold, as we had lots of practice last winter.

Cattle are still very low. Steer calves are selling at \$10 per head.

Uncle Zekiel, if you will come up we will give you all the spare-ribs and backbones you can eat. I butchered four hogs Monday, all fattened on milo-maize and nothing else. Three netted 250 lbs. each, while the fourth pulled 325 lbs. How is that? And we rendered 170 lbs. lard and made 50 lbs. sausage, and still we have a nice fat yearling butchered and hanging up in the smokehouse, so now we don't know Swift and Armour at all. I merely mention this just to show what can be done out here on the plains (so-called "baldies").

Wishing the Index force and the Boyd people an enjoyable Christmas, I will quit.

Your friend,
Jno. A. Derryberry.

A BRUTAL GAME.

During the football season of 1903, nineteen lives were lost on the football field, according to the statistics presented by the Chicago Tribune. The Tribune says: "One boy was driven in sane from injuries. Thirteen players were severely injured, some of them disabled for life. The number of minor but painful accidents goes into the hundreds, and the list of injured also is incomplete. The feature of the year's tabulation is that it shows that serious casualties practically were confined to untrained players. No member of any first class elevens were killed or permanently disabled. One Yale player and one Harvard player suffered a broken leg. No player in any of the teams of the 'Big Nine' in the west was the victim of any hurt worse than a wrenched shoulder, a bruised head, a sprained ankle or a turned ankle. In consequence of the injuries sustained by their players several of the minor schools have forbidden the game of football. Two towns—Columbus Junction, Pa., and Greenfield, O.—have stopped the sport as the result of petitions circulated by parents."

We very properly prohibit prize fighting in Texas, but it is a very general belief among those who have witnessed both, that a game of football, as usually played, is a far more brutal exhibition than the usual boxing matches or prize-fights and on these and the popular

rowing matches and baseball games, there are probably quite as many dollars won and lost, yet we call a prize-fight "a brutal slugging match between two thugs," and put it under the ban of law, while the others we call "athletic sports" and those engaged in maiming and murdering each other to insure a winning, "gentleman scions, of our best families," and if in one of the games there is less carnage than usually attends a Spanish or Mexican bull fight, the game is reported in the "sassy" and "sportsmen" journals as a "very tame and uninteresting game."

Society men betting their money, society women their jewelry, on a football game is "pleasant pastime" for gentlemen and ladies of the "best society," but betting money on a prize-fight or boxing match is "gambling" by "the common herd."

Here is your "tweedledee," there is your "tweedledum," and that's the whole difference. —Boyd Index.

Christmas Eve as the News force was busily engaged printing the paper for last week, and wondering what was in store for us in the way of gladness for Christmas, we were agreeably surprised by a visit from no other person than "Uncle Tom" Foster, who brought enough genuine aid with him to pave the way for the feeling of peace and good will toward all men. "Uncle Tom" handed us four dollars and left in our possession a quarter of a large porker of his own raising and requested that the total amount be placed to his credit on our subscription books. We have several Foster's on our subscription list and somehow or other their time is never allowed to expire and they are never in arrears. They are a good stock of people and the newspaper business would soon lose the title of being a hand to mouth living if there were more of just such people. Mr. Foster may rest assured that this Christmas present was sincerely appreciated.

The writer, in company with the photographer, took a day off Monday, and went out to Newt. Reeves ranch where an old-time cowboy round-up was indulged in. Cowboys from all parts of the county were there and enjoyed the sport of riding bronchos, roping and branding calves, and finally as the dinner hour drew nigh, a fat yearling was slaughtered and all of the parts of a beef that are generally thrown away were put into a large 10-gallon kettle and converted into that dish that the cowboys have so horribly mutilated by giving it such a name. The cowboys, realizing that their day in Texas will soon be over, rehearsed old camp scenes and had the photographer take pictures of them in order to perpetuate their memories. Doctor Reeves is a host that is equal to all emergencies and can entertain a crew of cowboys as he would be equally capable of banqueting a sprinkling of the "Swell 400" in Delmonico's. There is no limit to his hospitality when you happen to be his guest.

Great Magazine Offer.

The Cosmopolitan—known throughout the world—and The Twentieth Century Home Magazine, equally as good, with the Canyon City News—all three, one year for \$2.10.

Helpful Reading.

Some newspapers print matter to fill up space. Much of this is really harmful reading. It is the aim of The Semi-Weekly News to give helpful reading. Thousands will testify to its helpfulness to them. Ask your neighbor.

The Farmers' Department

Has helped many. It is not the theory of farming written by college professors and others up North on conditions that don't fit Texas. It is the actual experiences of farmers here at home who have turned over the soil. If you are not taking

Special Offer The Stayer you should. It is helpful to the best interests of your town and county. For \$1.75, cash in advance, we will mail you The Stayer and The Galveston or Dallas Semi-Weekly News for 12 months. The News posts when your time is out.

Geo. A. and Mrs. W. R. Brandon returned yesterday from Lampasas, where they spent the holidays.

THANKS

To the members and friends who so liberally pounded us on the last night of the Old Year.

Blessings upon all.

J. D. Ballard and family.

R. E. Foster and mother and the little grandchild of "Uncle Tom" Foster and wife, left last Friday evening for Kansas City where Mrs. Foster and the little girl go to seek medical treatment. Mrs. Foster feared that a small eruption on her face was a cancer and since arriving at Kansas City has had the surgeons to substantiate the belief and an operation is now in process. The little girl who accidentally had her ankle broken in the summer by a mower, has suffered more or less ever since the accident and her foot of late has been turning in, impeding progress in walking. Bob Foster, in writing to Joe Foster, the little girl's father, stated that a brace was being made that would practically make her leg as perfect as ever, so it was thought. Uncle Tom left for Kansas City Tuesday evening to comfort the sufferers while so far away from home and loved ones.

M. F. Slover returned yesterday from his chase after Bob Hampton who was trying to get away with his livery rig. He overtook the party near Tucuman, N. M., recovered his property and placed Hampton in the custody of officers.

Elsewhere in this issue of the News appears the announcement of L. J. Scott, for the office of County and District Clerk, subject to the vote in the coming November election. "Jack," as Mr. Scott is familiarly known by his friends, moved westward as the star of empire hovered over the great Plains several years ago, and has been a factor in the upbuilding of the many towns that now dot the horizon, he being a carpenter and contractor. Mr. Scott emigrated from the same part of the state in which the writer spent his boyhood days, where he was for several years engaged in the active duties of business life, in the mercantile line. Mr. Scott has always designated Canyon City as being his home, though his contracting work sometimes calls him to other portions of the country. He is well qualified to transact business in the commercial world and feels confident that should he be elected to this position of honor he will not be found wanting in methods of dispatching the county's business in a satisfactory manner, to the most exacting.

The postmaster requests the News to announce to the public that all mail that reaches its destination over the stage line to Plainview, must be posted in the local office before 9 p. m., to insure speedy transit. All parties who use this service should bear this in mind as it will avoid delay in the mail unnecessarily.

R. K. Phillips, who is at present living in Sherman county, spent the holidays with his mother, Mrs. B. E. Cobb. Mr. Phillips served 9 years in the U. S. Navy and is now enjoying his freedom to the utmost. He has invested in a ranch in Sherman county.

W. C. Kenyon was seen on the streets Wednesday.

Earl Cobb has accepted a position with the Stringfellow-Hume Hardware Co. Earl is a young man that knows most everybody in this country and has the knack about him of ingratiating himself in the confidence of those with whom he does business.

Married—At the residence of Judge Henson on Monday evening, Dec. 29th at 7 o'clock, John B. Rowan and Miss Mary I. Turner, both of Ceta; Judge A. N. Henson officiating. The bridal party consisted of M. M. Wesley and Miss Rowan, the groom's sister.

Dr. Parsons and wife of Amarillo, were visitors here this week.

T. M. Reid, son of our fellow-townsmen, T. F. Reid, spent the holidays with his parents who live 3 miles south of town. He has been employed on the Amarillo Star force for the past three months.

G. H. Price left Wednesday evening for Trinidad, Colo., where he will find employment in a candy factory. We understand that he has secured a good position and will move his family there later.

Reading Circle Program.

To meet January 8, 1904, 7:30 p. m., at the home of the Misses Brandon.

1. Quotations from Byron.
2. Biography of Byron, Miss Maud Brandon.
3. Byron's "To Napoleon," Miss Burrow.
4. Byron's "Napoleon's Farewell," Miss Earheart.
5. An introduction of "Childe Harold," Mr. Sowder.
6. Reading "Childe Harold" by the class.

C. R. Burrow and wife returned Tuesday from Henrietta where they spent the holidays very pleasantly with relatives and friends.

A Successful Nurseryman.

On Tuesday afternoon of last week the proprietors of the Brand, on invitation of our friend, W. F. Stimson, enjoyed a drive out to the Hereford Nursery in the northeast part of town. We have often heard it said that for a man to be entirely successful at any enterprise he must first familiarize himself with all the details thereof, and that the degree of success achieved depends upon the amount of knowledge acquired. If this be true, and it certainly is, Mr. Stimson will be rewarded with success, for he has made a careful study of and is conversant on every possible phase of the nursery business, and those wishing to plant trees or shrubbery of any description would do well, not only to purchase their stocks from him, but get his ideas on planting and cultivation.

We were first shown through the department in which the fruit trees were kept. Here we found large numbers of the famous Ben Davis, Wine Sap, and all the well known varieties of apples, besides a complete line of peach, pear, apricot, cherry—in fact everything that is supposed to grow in this section of the country. This nursery now has on hand for immediate delivery over fifteen thousand fruit trees of the different varieties. In the forest tree and shrubbery line Mr. Stimson has a well assorted stock, though not as large as would be necessary were our people to follow the suggestions of Mr. Clothier, who gave a lecture on forestry a short time ago, during which he stated that our people should plant at least one million forest trees annually for the next ten years. However, we can assure our readers that the Hereford Nursery, through their connection with other reliable nurseries, can supply on short notice any order for forest trees that may be wanted. And right here we wish to state that it was Mr. Clothier's advice that the home nursery be given the preference at all times when buying nursery stock—the fact that the reputation of the home nursery must be maintained or go out of business causes them to be absolutely reliable, even though they were not disposed to be so.

But the business of this nursery is not confined to fruit and forest trees, as was evidenced by the large cellar full of strawberry and other plants, bearing delicacies of the season, besides large numbers of berry-bearing bushes.

Taking all in all Hereford has a nursery of which she may well be proud and which is a most interesting place to visit, whether or not you are interested in nursery growing. We might add, also, that all stock in this nursery is grown without irrigation. Mr. Stimson, not wishing us to return empty handed, presented us with two large kershaws, which, when properly prepared, makes one of the most delectable of dishes. —Hereford Brand.

Passing of Big Ranches.

Old time Texans cannot help noticing the many changes that are wrought in the general conditions throughout the country, and oftentimes, no doubt, it brings many pangs of regret to their minds. Less than two decades have marked great progress in their surroundings and where twenty years ago one could travel for a hundred miles without having to cross a single fence or pass a human habitation, perhaps, to-day there are scores of handsome farm houses and a perfect cobweb of barb wire inclosures. The big ranch is no more. It has been swallowed up in the march of progress and is rapidly becoming a memory of the past. Only in the extreme western parts of the great Lone Star State is there left anything that approaches it either in the matter of proportion or surroundings, and these are mere semblances of what the ranch used to be. Where once only cattle ranged the broad prairies, to-day there are prosperous farms and thrifty landmen, who have gained their independence through their matchless energy and rugged enterprise. Are not these conditions an improvement over those of former years? Assuredly they are, yet there are those who deplore the change, nor can they be blamed for it. Human nature does not change as fast as the country, and the pioneer will naturally cling to old-time customs and associations. T. J. Webb of Ballinger, one of the best known stockmen in that portion of the state, is among the number of old-time cowmen who deplore the passing of the big ranches, and wonder what the future has in store for those who cannot reconcile themselves to the existing conditions. Mr. Webb says: "When I landed in Texas some thirty years ago I was told that the whole western and northwestern part of the state was made whatever to farm or raise anything but cattle, and now all over that section people are farming on a large scale. Twice since I located in the state I have been forced to move further west and now I am located in Runnels county, but can not remain there very much longer, as the settlers are crowding in very fast. I am thinking of going on out into New Mexico, where I will have more room. Land that was sold around my ranch that year could have been bought three years ago for \$1.50 an acre, now sells at from \$5 to \$10 an acre. These are the condition all through that country, and good crops of all kinds are being raised, and it is but a question of a little time when it will be a first-class farming country."—Denton Record and Chronicle.

The Enterprising Fellows Coming.

When we have evidence of a poor widow, with only the help of a thirteen year old boy to cultivate, and hired help to market, having \$13,000 net profit in bank from a few acres of tomatoes, read of 5000 acres of formerly worthless swamp land in Michigan now worth \$800 per acre, and the lot producing for its owners a million dollar crop of celery, of one Lometa, Texas, farmer selling nine carloads of onions from twelve acres, and selling at \$500 per carload, then see the Lavaca county truckers have already planted over 100 pounds of onion seed, and think about the money being made by these enterprising fellows, while we are waiting for some one to come along and gobble up the cream of our lands at a nominal price and go to making fortunes on them as they are doing elsewhere already. It ought to wake us up.—Boyd Index.

Trapped the Tarnal Bugs.

J. W. Hicks, a farmer living nine miles west of Groesbeck, has 160 acres in cotton on his farm, forty-two acres of which is his individual crop. He will gather sixteen bales from the forty-two acres, and the entire 160 acres will make between forty and fifty bales, while adjoining fields will require seven acres to make a bale. Mr. Hicks has already gathered and sold twenty-four bales, for which he received an average of 10 1-2 cents per pound. He attributes his success to burning lights in the cotton field, the total cost of which was \$7. He gave 10 cents for tin pans, used empty bottles with cotton rope for wicks, set the bottles in pans of water with a little kerosene oil in water. He followed this plan for about one week and succeeded in killing a great many different kinds of bugs and insects.

The boll worm has done more damage in this section than the boll weevil. Next year Mr. Hicks intends to use lights in both his corn and cotton. He is no hunter, but gives it as his opinion that one light will destroy more bugs and insects than 200 quills.